



## **Stranger Things 3 by JustAProfessionalFangirl**

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**Summary:** Join the Stranger Things gang on their next adventure! Set right after Eleven closes the gate, The Party and a certain telepathic girl try to adjust to a normal life. But will the Upside Down try to wreck havoc like last time? Meanwhile, Nancy and Jonathan investigate more on the Hawkins Lab legacy, while Joyce, Hop, and Steve work together to parent Hawkin's youngest heroes.

## Stranger Things 3

"Byers! You're back!"

Mike Wheeler, Dustin Henderson, Lucas Sinclair, and Max Mayfield all ran towards their frazzled-looking friend, Will Byers. The group crowded around him, each one of them giving him we-missed-you statements or the heads-up on what had happen when he was gone.

The second time, of course.

Will's mother, Joyce Byers, rushed over to the kids and looked at Will; his face was quite pale, and he looked quite shaken-up.

"Five steps back, everybody," she said, her voice tainted with concerned.

"Mom, I'm fine," reassured the youngest Byers.

He didn't seem fine to Joyce, with his blue shirt soaked with sweat. But he felt fine, which was all that mattered to her.

While Joyce fussed over the well-being of her son, the kids swapped stories.

"And then, there were, like, these demodog things, and they all came at us at once. And I swear, I thought I was going to die, it was so goddamn scary. Dustin literally, like, shit his pants—what? No! I'm not kidding! Anyway, the demodogs ran away! They were going to—where were they going to, Mike? Oh yeah, the gate."

Will smiled, which he hadn't done in a long time. It made his friends smile.

"Thanks, guys. Thank you for coming," he stared around Hopper's broken down cabin, and the bed they were sitting on that was overheated and slightly damp, "I-I know this place isn't so great, but, um, this means a lot to me."

A chorus of "you're welcome"s and "We're glad to be here"s followed Will's tiny speech, and soon they were back to trading tales.

"Oh my God, and then *Eleven*, freaking *Eleven*, walks through the door. Seriously, everybody flipped their shit. *IT WAS CRAZY*. Mike went insane, though, he, like, started crying and—what? You were totally crying, Mike! Stop denying it! Anyway—"

"Where is Eleven?", Will interrupted.

"Oh, um, she's closing the gate," replied Mike.

"When will she be back?"

Mike sighed.

"We don't know when. We don't even know if she'll make it back."

Will could sense the sadness in his voice, so he changed the topic.

"Hey, do you think we could have another campaign again soon? Maybe tomorrow?"

The group erupted into agreement, but it was Joyce who interrupted them next.

"I'm sorry, guys, but Will needs to get some rest tomorrow. If you guys want to spend some time together, I can arrange something for this weekend, though," she apologized.

Everyone decided that was best after a few complaints, and one by one they left the old cabin.